UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Humanism

By CHARLES F. DOLE

American Notes

By SYDNEY STRONG

An Indian Reverie

By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVI MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1925 NUMBER 12

INDIA TO THE WORLD

Is there aught you need that my hands withhold,
Rich gifts of raiment or grain or gold?

Lo, I have flung to the East and the West
Priceless treasures torn from my breast,
And yielded the sons of my stricken womb
To the drum-beats of duty, the sabres of doom.

Gathered like pearls in their alien graves,
Silent they sleep by the Persian waves;
Scattered like shells on Egyptian sands
They lie with pale brows and brave broken hands.
They are strewn like blossoms mown down by chance
On the blood-brown meadows of Flanders and France.
When the terror and tumult of hate shall cease,
And life be refashioned on anvils of peace,

. . . . . .

Remember the blood of my martyred sons.

SAROJINI NAIDU.

Thanksgiving is gone, and the Christmas season is in sight. This means that we are beginning to think of gifts for our friends and relatives. May we modestly suggest that there can be no better gift than a year's subscription to UNITY—that is, if your friend likes the things that you like, and how can he be a friend otherwise! Of course, your friend may already take a liberal magazine. But are you like the woman who didn't want to give a book to her husband because he already had one! Liberal magazines are distinctive —UNITY especially so. There is none other like it. It costs but $3, and it will come as a fresh gift to your friend every week in the year to come. So let us serve you, friends. Put us in Santa Claus's pack as he makes his rounds to those we love.

If the American people accept the Italian debt settlement, we are "easy marks" indeed! The agreement throws seventy-five per cent of Italy's debt into the scrap pile, and gives Italy no less than sixty-two years to pay the remaining one-quarter at low interest. This is all we can get, say the American commissioners. Yes —if Italy goes on financing all her other military adventures and imperialistic exploitations before she considers the wherewithal for meeting her obligations. Look at this man Mussolini, with whose representatives we have been dealing, a dictator who rules by terror and assassination, an autocrat who suppresses all opposition with bloody hands, a political bandit who talks of glory and the sword! Such men always hold power by stirring up war abroad to divert attention from tyrannies at home. Only the other day Mussolini was declaring that he wanted the martial spirit of the Italians to flourish again. Once this debt is settled, he is certain to seek loans from our complacent American bankers. Which means that Mussolini proposes to follow the excellent example of France, and persuade the American government to finance his adventures by canceling the major part of his indebtedness! When will the people of this country learn that every dollar struck off from the sum total of the money owed by these foreign countries is simply a dollar contributed to the up-keep of armies and navies for the support of business of the Morocco and Syrian type? We financed the Great War, as now we are so delightfully discovering, and our gracious friends seem to cherish the impression that we are perfectly willing to go on financing any other wars they may chance to have on hand. And apparently we *are,* if the Italian settlement is any indication of fixed policy. No wonder that France is alert again and wants a piece of the same pie! For ourselves, we have no desire for anything but generosity in this whole matter of the debts. But generosity to the Italian people is one thing, and financial backing for the domestic tyrannies and foreign adventures of Signor Mussolini is something else again.

Now that we are discussing national debts, we would emphasize one aspect of the situation which interests us a good deal, but which is very seldom mentioned. We have referred to it before in these columns, but it will bear repeating. It has to do with Russia. Whenever President Coolidge or Secretary Kellogg is challenged on the question of recognizing the Soviets, the reply always includes denunciation of Russia's attitude on the question of her debts. The last statement from Washington upon the subject, as we remember it, pointed out that it was impossible, as a matter of honor, for the United States to have anything to do with a nation that didn't recognize and undertake to pay its financial obligations. That sounds fine—a splendid chest-lifting assertion!—unless it is looked at from the standpoint of what is actually going on these days, and then appears the query as to what nations are really recognizing their obligations—to the United States, for example—and undertaking to pay what they owe? England comes nearest to meeting the standard; but Italy's settlement is 75 per cent repudiation, and France has not paid, and to all intents and purposes does not intend to pay, a single sou upon her debt. But these countries *cannot* pay, is the retort. No, they cannot pay, and support large armies and conduct colonial wars, all at the same time; very true! But if "capacity to pay" is the test, what country can offer

such valid claims to relief as Russia? This unhappy country, swept by war, revolution, famine, pestilence, deserves forgiveness of debts if any nation does today. As a matter of fact it is our sober conviction that if France, Italy and America were to sit down with Russia and consider settlements, the chance of Russia's paying her debts is very considerably better than that of France, for example. In any case, let's have equitable treatment all around.

It may be just as well for the World Court advocates to recognize the point of weakness in their fight first as last. That point is not the Court itself, for the case for the Court has been immeasurably strengthened first by the compromise plan agreed upon last summer, and secondly by the Locarno treaties now awaiting acceptance by England, France and Germany. Neither is this weakness to be found in the hostility of the general public. We cannot see that the public cares very much either one way or another, but it is susceptible to leadership on the question, and would acquiesce in the World Court where it would fight the League of Nations to a finish. It is just in this matter of leadership that we find the point of weakness to which we are referring. The natural, the necessary leader is of course President Coolidge. He is the head of the party which controls both houses of Congress, and which is committed to securing the entrance of the United States into the World Court. This policy is an administration policy, and of course will be won or lost according as the administration makes itself responsible for success. The issue, in other words, is in President Coolidge's hands—and that's just the weakness in the fight? Unless all signs fail, unless the President upsets a record of many years, he will not draw his sword and lead his legions to battle for the cause. Just to use such a figure of speech in the case of Calvin Coolidge, just to imagine an artist trying to draw the White House occupant as a plumed knight riding at the head of armored hosts, is to make oneself ridiculous. In all his public life, Mr. Coolidge has never fought for anything. His whole plan of action, if it may be called such, is to wait upon events, and abide results. This may work now and then in some sudden crisis, like the Boston police strike, but it is doomed to failure at the start in any such long drawn fight as now threatens on the World Court. This cause today is like a ship riding stormy seas, with a paralytic on the bridge, and an insane crew racing the decks.

"In all the years of my mature life," said Dr. A. A. Berle, in our hearing the other day, "I have never seen the American people so utterly contemptible as they are today." Dr. Berle was referring to the exclusion of the Countess Karolyi and the apathy of the public to that conspicuous issue of liberty and right. But this is only one instance of such apathy. The people, apparently, have no interest any more in any quesiton that is serious and fundamental. They are willing that the government should do anything, provided only that they are left alone to make money and indulge in pleasure. There never was a more dreadful scandal in the history of the nation than the Teapot Dome scandal. An ex-Senator and Cabinet officer was discovered to have sold out the government for cash, two members of the President's Cabinet were involved, the dead President Harding was brought under suspicion. But nobody cared! We have at this moment another first-class scandal in the administration of the Navy Department. Col. Mitchell makes sensational charges of executive malpractise and substantiates them; a great flying-ship is lost on a political jaunt to county fairs; a Judge Advocate of a trial court is caught tampering with witnesses; the Secretary of the Navy is proved to be guilty of a lie or of culpable ignorance. But nobody cares!! An election is held in New York City. Tammany Hall, better trained but as vicious a tiger as ever, puts up a cheap moving picture show pianist, with a few years of machine politics behind him, as its candidate for mayor. And nobody cares—Mr. Walker is elected almost by consent!!! Meanwhile unnumbered thousands swarm to the baseball games and the football contests, and unnumbered millions gaze feverishly at the silver screen and listen as feverishly at the radio. Seriously, now—has the world seen anything like it since the idle multitudes of Rome defied the emperors and panted with excitement at the gladiatorial games?

Militarism has a beauitful outward aspect. Its trappings of color and music are well-nigh perfect. Watch a corps of cadets drilling upon the parade-ground, listen to a brass band as it marches up the avenue, and who can resist a thrill? But all this is nothing but so much camouflage to hide the grim reality. Get behind the glitter of the gold braid, the shine of the uniforms, the glory of the medals and decorations, and you suddenly discover the ghastly grin of the death's head. Give heed to the undertone of the trumpets and the drums, and you distinctly hear the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, the awful silence of the dead. It isn't often that militarists let civilians see the facts; they know perfectly well that if men and women ever got one good look at the reality, war wouldn't last a single hour. Now and then, however, the curtain is stripped aside, as, for example, in a certain "Manual of Military Training" brought to our attention by a student at the College of the City of New York, where it is used as a textbook in the two-year course in Military Science and Tactics! We shall publish a review of this book in the near future. Meanwhile, we give herewith a taste of its meat by printing the following quotations:

The object of all military training is to win battles.
The principles of sportsmanship and consideration for

your opponent have no place in the practical application of this work.

To finish an opponent who hangs on, or attempts to pull you to the ground, always try to break his hold by driving the knee or foot to his crotch and gouging his eyes with your thumbs.

This inherent desire to fight and kill must be carefully watched for and encouraged by the instructor.

These paragraphs are excellent samples of what the book contains—not as bad as some others, but representing a fair average of sentiment and instruction. It is not intended, of course, that this book should ever be seen by the general public, else its two authors, both of them officers in the United States Army, would undoubtedly be more circumspect. Written strictly for professional purposes, it gets right down to business and handles the subject without gloves—or soft music. For this reason it is an invaluable document. We commend it to pacifist agitators as a mine of material.

There are some things in which we find ourselves in hopeless disagreement with our fellowmen. At the moment we have not in mind political and economic questions, for with these we are lined up with a respectable minority which gives us strength and comfort. Rather are we thinking of certain questions of more general public interest. For example! We cannot see the greatness of Charlie Chaplin. We don't know what people are talking about when they acclaim him as a great, a supreme artist. As good a critic as St. John Ervine declares him to be "a genius," and states that the pathos and fun in his last picture put it "directly into the Shakespearean and Dickensian line." All of which strikes us as perfect nonsense, but there are few to agree with us. Again, we are absolutely "out of it" in the matter of jazz. To speak of this intermingling of the barnyard and the jungle as *music*, to discuss a jazz opera as a possibility at the Metropolitan, to speak of jazz as America's especial contribution to this realm of art—all this seems to us as near to insanity as it is possible to get and still remain at large. Jazz, we insist, is not music at all but noise, and noise of a hideously raucous character, but who is there to say, Amen? Still again, the prating about the high art and profound philosophy of the comic strip seems to us to be just so much crazy chatter. Take Gilbert Geldes, for instance, and his ecstacies over the immortal significance of our newspaper caricaturists. It may be so, and most people certainly think so, but here is a minority of one who cannot agree. Charlie Chaplin strikes us as a peculiarly clever clown, funny and occasionally pathetic like every good clown. Jazz we believe to be nothing more nor less than a recrudescense of ancient savagery —a vast upheaval of the barbarian latent in every civilized society. As for the comic strip, it is sheer degeneracy, as inane as it is ugly. In all these judgments we are wrong, if majority votes count for anything. But we must submit our minority report all the same, if only for the peace of our own soul.

Humanism

Most of us who live in the United States cannot remember when we were not learners in humanism. We never heard the word, but we were none the less hourly subject to an enlarging series of acquaintanceships with a house full of human beings, and then with a neighborhood full of them, and a little later with nations of them all over the world, who, no matter what color they bore, were already our cousins. We used to read the lists of the populations of the countries in the geography; these, together, made the family of mankind. Ships were constantly sailing into every ocean and carrying loads of precious things. We discovered that making things for trade was a large part of the business of humanism, that is, of human beings.

The first grand rule of humanism was that no one must hurt or do injustice to any human being. We must not cheat or break a promise. We began also to learn to do kind things. The essence of our common human life at its best was kindness or good will. When we felt this good will toward others, we became like brothers; we were at one with the others, and we could do amazing and delightful things together that we had never done before.

There was a bit of a word that connected all the people of the human family together. It was duty, or obligation, or responsibility. We owed all sorts of duties to one another; we were responsible, not only for the people at the other end of the town that they should be sheltered and fed, but for the people on the other side of the earth likewise. Human duty was nothing less than to create a beautiful, gentle, and robust race of men and women. All little duties were for the sake of this grand duty to grow and be all round men.

Another thing about this humanism, that we were set to study: The most real part of us was not visible at all. There was something that they called our souls or selves that lived and worked and grew out of sight of anyone. When anyone says *I*, what is this *I*? No one ever saw it in himself, or in his dearest friends, and yet there is nothing so real. It is this invisible self, that is kind and truthful, that gets honorable marks, that takes up innumerable duties. Of course, we are bound to take care of our bodies, as we take care of our animals, but we, the selves or persons, are so much more precious than our bodies, that every child of us lives under bonds all his life to be willing, if the need comes, to let his body suffer or even perish rather than to let his inner life, or soul, suffer dishonor or fail in its central

duty. This is the essence of humanism. We read stories daily about men and women who have cheerfully gone to their death, that is, the death of the body, in obedience to some duty of love, or unseen urgency commanding them from within, and which they did not as much as desire to disobey. We hardly respect ourselves unless we hope, with all modesty, that we would be ready, if the extreme test ever came, thus to play the part of the man.

The children of fifty years ago learning their humanism never dreamed that we had made ourselves. How could a man create himself any more than he could create the earth or breathe life into the animals in the fields? We did not make the heart beat; we did not give life to the inner self that alone of all the creatures in the world stands up and says *I*. What made the flowers blossom and kept the stars working together? Here came the thought of God,—the All Father, the Life and Power behind all things, the Creator of Beauty, who makes order and unity, and brings to birth every kindly thought. We cannot see God, some say. Why should we see God? Things enough crowd our senses and confuse us. It is the unseen things, the unseen self, the invisible life which constitutes our humanity; it is the unseen, creative life of the world, that underlies the things visible, which the minds of men for ages past have sought. Great lovers of men in every time have centered and rested their minds on this splendid conception of the all-creating Life. What kind of thinking has ever proved so stirring, rational, significant and altogether humane?

We used to be aware quite as keenly as men are aware today, that the earth is full of mischief. Yet in the face of this vast discontent an idea had grown at the heart of our humanism that a good time is coming. The world of men is now only in the making. The harsh and cruel would die out; the good Will would win.

In other words, a spirit of growth and progress runs through the universe. The best that is to be is ever near to us and indestructible. The good and best are in the structure of the universe and are therefore in our structure as men. How otherwise do we know anything? Our humanism lives by this law of progression.

Three great life currents run together to make good humanism. They are essentially spiritual and invisible, but the bodily health, a man's working power, and his social value droop, if these elements fail: The first is faith or trust, being a working conviction that life is real and worth while; and next, hope, in the sense of a beautiful vision, which feeds wholesome enthusiasm; and, best of all, love, the prevailing good will in which the good man lives. Faith and hope and love are the marks of our inner, or spiritual, or specifically human life. They are infinite, that is, immeasurable. You trust not alone in certain exceptional men, least of all in your true self. You trust in the human nature residing in all men, and though often only half-developed, possessing a quality of faith, hope, and friendliness as wonderful as the genius of a Michael Angelo, a Burbank or an Edison. Your man is not all there till you have this quality.

Humanism has never grown out of chaos or at random. Its qualities belong together, are needful to one another, and matching, result in unity. You cannot dismiss the reason or forbid the frank judgment of the intelligence, or limit man's freedom, much less enfeeble man's faith in himself or his fellows, or in the universe, or subtract from his enthusiasm, or quench his sympathy even for the dumb animals, and not make his humanism to suffer. It is like a work of art on its way to make perfection.

Where does our idea of progress come from? It surely arises out of the most characteristic part of our humanity. It is no excrescence on a man's growth, but a sign of its good estate. Given plenty of trust, of hope, of abounding humanity, in short, plenty of the highest human life, and every man resolutely tends to believe in the world, or the universe, of which we are somehow the children or citizens, as essentially and infinitely good, that is, good beyond question, good from the beginning and to all eternity, incapable of malignity or corruption.

Thus, essential to our humanism, and really accounting for it, and ever inspiring it, is the big hope of a purpose, greater than man, constituting the spiritual universe. Our growth and fulfilment and welfare appear now as a part of the cosmic plan. Every little life is and must be a vital working unit in the plan—ours, but never ours alone—ours, as we at our best belong to the spiritual whole.

At the same time, the practical, secular, work-a-day world, is seen as all involved with the cosmic laws and processes. Thus, the Golden Rule is a cosmic law or method of orderly efficiency wherever in the universe thinking and loving beings are. It is no little human law, but the law of the heavens and the earth.

What now finally is all this but a complete scheme of humanist evolution on the earth,—the promise of the rule of goodness by and by in every human relation,—a wonderful and mature society! "Each for all and all for each"; a rule of perfect freedom, each life finding here and now a new value for itself, as each one discovers and helps to elicit admirable values in his fellows.

We hear men talk of the old-time subject of humanism. We listen for the dreams of the new day. We welcome every fresh view, appreciation, or development of the spiritual wealth of mankind. We hear what science is doing and will do to make our riches available. The more the better. Even so, the old word seems never so clear as now, that what man needs above anything else is not even wider science, but a larger humanity, sympathy, friendliness; in short the enterprise of the world of men living together in love, and trying out daily the height and depth and wideness of love, as if supplied from eternal fountains. C. F. D.

Jottings

Czecho-Slovakian peasants are cutting off the ears of Socialist agitators. This seems pretty barbaric—a "medieval operation" the newspapers call it! But we doubt if it is much worse than our good American practice of cutting out their voices.

"The female of the species is more deadly than the male."—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Not in automobile killings! Women constitute one-fourth of the automobile drivers of New York State, but only 1,517 of them were involved in accidents in the first nine months of the present year, as contrasted with 39,311 men.

The Nobel Prize trustees are conferring no awards this year. Thus the literature prize again fails to come to Thomas Hardy. But this is better than if it had again been bestowed upon another and lesser man.

The padlocking of the Elks Club in New York for violation of the Liquor Law raises the interesting question as to whether this Club shall suffer forfeiture of its charter. The Masons have undertaken thus to discipline such of its lodges as are found to be in conspiracy against the government. If the Elks, the Odd Fellows and other secret orders should follow suit, a large part of the prohibition problem would be solved. It is our own conviction that here is the way in which the public sense of decency is going to assert itself.

The mystery of Walter Hines Page is more baffling to us than ever. We marvel that his friends should have consented to the publication of this third volume of letters, just out. The letters are seriously damaging to Woodrow Wilson, but infinitely more so to Mr. Page himself. In the light of what we know about the Great War today, Mr. Page's attitude is not so much ridiculous as it is pathetic. He was completely fooled by the biggest sham of modern times.

We are watching with grim delight this second effort to sell the Mellon plan of taxation to the American people. This plan is the coolest plot to tax the poor and let the rich go free that history has ever known. If it gets by, we may know that not only with God, but with Coolidge, "all things are possible."

J. H. H.

American Notes

(Editorial Correspondence)

I.

America, like other lands, is a land of surprises, on account of the amazing changes that are taking place. Let me take note of some features in the nation's life that would "surprise Washington and Lincoln" did they walk among the people again.

For instance, I listened last night over my little radio. Three concerts were going on at once. By the movement of a finger I could listen to Flotow's "Overture, Martha" or to "Ruffanreddy" on the banjo, or How to Pour Coffee in the "Etiquette Recipes," or the price of eggs, pork and wool. Tomorrow morning I may stay at home and hear some popular preacher. I have found it more difficult to hear the preachers, since their voices seem to crowd each other out, due perhaps to a quality of dogmatism that does not carry so well nor pleasantly as say a finely harmonized baritone or soprano. Negro melodies seem to come best on the air, due, I suspect, to the fact that the "air likes melody."

The common use of the radio is one of the most surprising things in American life. Over half a million farms are now equipped with receiving sets, as compared with 145,000 in 1923. The state of Illinois alone has 46,000 sets. The farmer's wife is now receiving the latest styles in the morning, and it requires no stretch of imagination to think that Mrs. Farmer, in a short time, will step into her flivver biplane to take advantage of the bargains in the city stores. All this of course involves significant social changes, among these being the elimination of isolation. If one a thousand miles away from a center can in his cottage hear the best and worst music (generally the *best,* as the public, given time, is critical), learn how to make cake or stir food for the calves, be given setting up gymnastic exercises to reduce or increase weight, hear the reports from the football game as it is being played, etc.—and all this while he is eating his meal or reading or at work—there will cease to be a great "Back Beyand" and he will begin to feel that he is sitting on the front seat of civilization. And the receiver that I used yesterday was made by a boy friend and cost me a trifle over six dollars for the bare materials. Lincoln would be surprised.

II.

Another surprise to Lincoln and Washington would of course be the "movies." Washington would be astonished to see the story of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" shown to the Zulus or Ceylonese. There is now fear that American films will "Americanize" the world. Such "fears," let me intimate, are generally dissipated by the next invention. The latest thing in the "movie-world" is the alarm that is being sounded by the managers in view of the "unjust competition" on the part of the public schools, many of which are displaying weekly attractive feature films. Exhibitors are fearing that they will be put out of business. Managers and exhibitors are even planning to go to the legislatures to interfere with school exhibitions. They even consider getting the manufacturers to refuse to let the schools obtain the films. Such a movement is not yet well under way, but there is very strong agitation and national committees have been appointed to follow the matter up and advise action. This agitation reveals

that film men do not have it all their own way; that the schools promise to be a very fruitful field for the operation of motion pictures; that possibly the best corrective for the evils attached to motion pictures may be found in schools "taking over the business." It is worth thinking about.

III.

Lincoln would be surprised at the sight of the traffic on the streets of the cities. Such multitudes! And horseless carriages and trams! Overhead and underground cars passing every minute or so. Of course, the modern man in any part of the world is no longer astonished by the traffic, but he is puzzled over the problem of how to regulate the traffic. What is being done to relieve traffic congestion in the streets? There are several distinct tendencies: first, in the immediate future the motor-bus will be called upon to handle most of the traffic, the traction-car going the way of the obsolete. People are looking into the sky as also the realm of much of the traffic of human transportation, and are looking away from elevateds and tunnels. In the matter of street traffic many experiments are being made for the handling of the crowds. "Go" and "Stop" signs at the intersection of streets, were used for a while and still are where the flow of people is comparatively small. The latest and most approved, I think, are light signals of red and green, automatically operated about 20 feet above the point of intersection. These flashes are about 30 seconds apart. All traffic—foot, wheel, trams—must move forward on the flash of the green. In Los Angeles there is a device—commendable—of a huge overhanging clock, with a big moving finger, which goes half way round every 30 seconds, when there is a change of colored lights. The moving finger aids the traveler in regulating his own speed. It is generally admitted that the presence of different kinds of vehicles—motors, trams, horses, bicycles—makes for congestion. Hence the move to relieve the streets in the larger cities of all track-transport.

IV.

Washington would be surprised to find women in public life. Thus far American women have not taken much part in political life save by voicing their convictions to the legislators, and by following up their convictions at the polls. In this way they wield a great influence. A council of women, called the Woman's Legislative Council, was held in my city last night, in view of the coming session of the state legislature. Some of the "convictions" held by these women, to be urged upon the law-makers are typical of what many American women are thinking about and seeking to realize: Amendment of existing laws, so as to give the wife joint or equal control of property which she holds in community with her husband; elimination of the two-year time limit now attached to the statute which gives to children born out of wedlock rights of maintenance and inheritance from both parents; writing the principle of restitution into the law, so that restitution of stolen property may be included in the punishment in place of penal servitude or along with it. The different attitude of women toward life is indicated by the remark of one of the leaders at this council, that they desired no longer to be classed as "housewives" but as "home-makers."

V.

Dr. Dawson of London has been among us and among other things has said that Americans were not "worrying about illness, but thinking about health." The doctor has, I think, made a correct diagnosis. Here are a couple of little facts which illustrate what Dr. Dawson observed. Nearly every daily paper carries a feature in which some well known doctor lays down for the reader some of the laws of health. (The most popular brand of bread in the land is called "Health bread.") My morning paper exclaims over an article, WATCH YOUR BABY'S WEIGHT. The right height of the child is also given for the different years. And down in California, the school authorities are studying the question of "sleep starvation" of the pupils. They claim that many of the pupils are suffering from sleep shortage. Dances, motion picture shows, automobile rides and other evening entertainments are named as in part to blame. As a result of the inquiry the authorities, having in mind the adage, "Early to bed," etc., have issued a chart giving proper nightly hours of sleep for pupils of various ages: "Five to six years—11 hours; seven to eleven years—10 hours; twelve to fourteen years—9 hours; over fourteen years—8 hours." This crusade for good health is also quite a departure from the "days of the fathers, when people seemed to delight to talk about their aches and pains, and took "joy in feeling miserable."

VI.

What the churches of America are saying is of international importance, particularly in matters affecting our neighbors. The Congregational churches recently held their national Council. It was held in Washington, D. C., which gave its meetings significance since President Coolidge is a Congregationalist, in fact was last year chosen to be honorary chairman, and this year gave an address as such. Some meetings of the Council were held in the "President's Church"—a fact which made the delegates "feel their oats"—in spite of their democracy and independence; for these Congregationalists are spiritual descendants of the Pilgrims. However, the environment of the capital and the "President's Church" would naturally induce conservatism of expression. Still, they declared "that the Church of Christ as an institution or agency should not be used for the support of war" and for "the abolition of military armaments by all nations except for an internal police force." This is a plain withdrawal of the Congregational church as an institution from the support of war in any form.

I recently had a long conversation with Rev. Clauncey J. Hawkins, of Seattle, who preached the Sunday morning sermon in the "President's Church," and he said that one paragraph in his sermon brought forth long applause—a thing, according to an old member, that had not occurred within his memory. Dr. Hawkins had said,

> War is incompatible with the spirit of Jesus. . . . The Church must never again make the mistake of baptising war in His name. . . . If war comes let people fight it out as pagans, but keep the name of Christ out of it.

And there was laud applause. About the same time that the Congregationalists were declaring themselves about war, a Conference of Methodists in Ohio was saying that "the Church should in its corporate capacity refuse to sanction or support any future war," and also proceeded to make the position of the "conscientious objector honorable" in the Methodist Church. Apparently the churches of America are being stirred over the problem of war much as they were in former days stirred over the problem of Slavery and of Alcohol.

SYDNEY STRONG.

An Indian Reverie

This remarkable article was written at the time of Mahatma Gandhi's famous fast on behalf of the reconciliation of Moslems and Hindus in India. It reached UNITY after a series of vicissitudes which have unfortunately delayed its publication until now. This is the first time that the article has appeared anywhere in print. We feel that the tardiness of its appearance does not affect in any way the essential truth and beauty of its content.

The author, Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall. was until lately the editor of the Bombay *Chronicle*, and in that capacity proved himself a staunch upholder of Gandhi. He resigned his post when the proprietorship of the paper changed hands with a consequent change of policy, as he would not subscribe to the new policy. He is the son of a Bishop of the Church of England, an honor graduate of Oxford, and has had many years of sojourn in the Near East. Mr. and Mrs. Pickthall are devout Mohammedans, having embraced that faith some years ago, and command great influence today among Mohammedan circles in different parts of the world.

—Editors.

The other day I received a telegram inviting me to come to Delhi; and this afternoon appeared a white-clad messenger with orders from Muhammed Ali to bring me at once to the Conference which is being held there, to seek some way of peace between Hindus and Muslims, in order to induce Mahatma Gandhi to give up his fast. I explained my reasons for not going, which seemed good to me but may have seemed defective to an Indian, who is ever ready to set off for anywhere at any time, and at a moment's notice. Muhammed Ali, I feel sure, will understand, being used to the comparative immobility of the European body and the comparative dullness of the European mind, which are the defects of the very qualities he admires in us. The conveners know that I am not indifferent to the object of the Conference. That is the reason why they want me to be present, and it is one among the reasons why I declined to go. It is to be a large gathering, including many practised speakers. There will be oratory—a thing I cannot stand in India where a single speech may last four hours, and where every practised public speaker can and will speak, no matter whether he have anything of worth to say or not. Besides, this seems to me a matter so entirely Indian that Indians of themselves alone can settle it. Delhi is two days' journey from Bombay; I cannot leave my wife alone; and there are other reasons.

But this evening, as I sat at sunset in the garden watching the moonflowers on the arbor come out one by one, my thoughts were of my friends who are now gathering at Delhi; above all, of the man whose magnetism draws them thither as his will has ruled them in the past—by love. The buds begin to quiver as the shadows rise, and as the air grows every minute cooler, the great white blossoms unfold one by one. Some of them open almost with a pop; others expand more slowly with demurs and tremors. At last, when night has conquered all the foliage, though a memory of sunset lingers in the air, the black mass of the arbor is all flaked with snowy disks exhaling a delicious, subtle fragrance. The crows still make a noise among the trees; and bats are flying, so are many little moths. One could fancy oneself in the heart of the country instead of in the middle of a sordid city like Bombay if it were not for some sounds breaking through the screen of trees, the blare of motor-horns and clash of tram-bells. Just so is Mahatma Gandhi's movement a garden in the heart of modern life.

The telegram which came to me was signed: "Ajmal Khan, Shraddhanand, Muhammed Ali." The names are in themselves an Indian pageant. Hakim Ajmal Khan I met first at Nagpur, and never have I met a greater gentleman. Again we met on a night of Ramadhan, at a "breakfast" given by the Afghan consul in Bombay in a kiosk high up above the moonlit sea; again we met this spring at Aligarh, where both of us in strange attire took part in a great function of the National Muslim University. He is a lineal descendant of the Hakims (physicians) by heredity to the Moghul Emperors, and he still inhabits Dehi, still practises the ancient art of healing. He was President of the Indian National Congress in 1921. Muhammed Ali I met first in London when he was there as head of the Khilafat Delegation. He is the younger of two famous brothers who, by their lead in the Khilafat movement and the sacrifices they have made for it, have won a warm place in the heart of every Muslim, and by their loyalty to the Mahatma in his work for Indian unity have earned the confidence of numberless Hindus as well. Muhammed Ali is the President of the Indian National Congress for the current year. The brothers are the staunchest friends I have in India, where I have been lately made aware that I have many friends. Against the massed opinion of my countrymen who do not know them, I here declare that of my certain knowledge they are good and honorable men, incapable of a mean thought or treacherous action.

As for Swami Shraddhanand, the third signatory—"the fighting Swami," as he is called—he is the leader of the Unitarian Hindus; and it has been his wish to rouse a militant spirit in his community to match the fighting spirit of the Muslims, most of whom regard him as prime mover in the recent strife. I had heard much ill of Swami Shraddhanand, and he had heard much ill of me (we being in the position of protagonists of rival factions), when one early morning as I was dressing in my room at Green's Hotel, there came a sharp, peremptory knock upon the door. I opened it and found myself in the presence of a tall and stern-faced Sanyasi, bare-headed, wearing the holy beggar's saffron robe. It was Swami Shraddhanand who, being in Bombay, had come to find out for himself the sort of man I was. We sat together for half an hour on the verandah overlooking Bombay harbor and we parted friends, I hope, for life. If the treaty of peace between Hindus and Muslims depended only upon Shraddhanand and me, it would have been signed and sealed and ratified that morning. But it did not depend on us, and it then seemed unimaginable that Swami Shraddhanand would ever join his voice to that of Hakim Ajmal Khan and of Muhammed Ali to summon India to a conference of peace. His is not a compromising personality. His name among the senders of that telegram is, therefore, something of a miracle.

What has happened to made everybody long for peace immediately? The quarrels and the fighting have been going on from bad to worse for months, yet leaders on each side have done but little except wring their hands over the insubordination of their rowdy elements, or cry to their opponents: "It is you who are to blame!" Here, too, is something of a miracle to be explained.

The explanation will seem stranger than the fact to Western folk, accustomed to regard the age of faith as of the past. It is that a fragile little man, lately released from jail, and not yet half recovered from a serious

illness, has announced that he will take no food for twenty-one days unless some practical way of peace between the two communities is found; and that the man who makes this palpably irrational and, to the western mind, irrelevant announcement—who at this moment is actually starving his weak body as a sacrifice for other people's sins—happens to be Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, known to all India, and indeed to all the world today, as the Mahatma, the Great Soul.

Upon hearing of his vow, my first involuntary sentiment was one of anger that the most precious life in India should be sacrificed for something of less worth; and that other people nearer the Mahatma felt the same is clear from the account given by Muhammed Ali (whose guest he was) of the effect the news had on his fellow-workers:

"I taxed Mahatmaji* with breach of faith . . . and gave free utterance to all the bitterness I felt. Mahatmaji's fast of silence had not ended, so he only smiled and wrote on a piece of paper: 'You are entitled to say all you have said and much more. As soon as you have composed yourself I shall talk to you the whole night. Only remember that there are things in which there is no interposition between God and man.' A little before that one of his companions had given me a note written in his own hand and signed in Urdu. It read as follows: 'My dear brother—I know you will feel the greatest grief for my decision. I want you, however, not to discuss the possibility of going back upon it. That is a matter between God and myself; but you may discuss the merits to your heart's content. Pray don't weep, you will make me break down. Rather rejoice that God has given me both the direction and the strength. Every little progress in composing our differences will be more than food. . . .' I told him that it was no other than God who interposed Himself between us two, because we had made God the witness to our solemn pact to work together for the good of His creatures. My arguments were fully supported by those present, including Mahatmaji's Ashram companions. . . But one argument was to my mind unanswerable, and Mahatmaji too never attempted to answer it. I told him that he had resolved to fast in the hope that God would change the hearts of the people and unite them once again, but if anything untoward happened, the Hindus would never forgive the Mussalmans for having killed him. The only way in which he tried to meet this argument was by saying that, humanly speaking, he felt certain that he would not die. . . ."

The western reader may well rub his eyes and ask himself: Can this be politics? Yes, this is Indian politics in this third decade of the twentieth century, and it has this advantage over the politics we know as such, that one can meditate upon it in a darkening garden among moonflowers without disgust or weariness of mind.

All his friends felt angry at first hearing of Mahatma's vow. But all his friends now realize that it was not a rash or foolish undertaking. His present English friend is ready to admit that he is doing wisely, as one who knows his country better than his country knows itself. I can even now concede the possibility that, far from committing suicide by all those days of fasting, the Mahatma may attain new life thereby.

His release from prison a few months ago, a cause of wild rejoicing to the Indian people, was for him the beginning of a cruel disillusionment. Sick and unnerved, he had to face a situation the most disheartening that ever leader had to face. The structure he had raised was undermined, the movement he had founded had gone all to pieces in his absence. The affection which surrounded his sick-bed for weeks concealed from him the extent of the harm done. The disclosure came upon him suddenly at Ahmedabad when the Swarajists (so-called) marched out in a body from the meeting of the All-India Congress Committee. The Swarajists are men who put their faith in what the west calls politics. Mahatma asked them: "Will you or will you not go out and work among the villages of India, among the poor, the ignorant and the oppressed, who are nine-tenths of the nation? That is the only way to real self-government." As practical politicians, they walked out. On that occasion the Mahatma's grief was terrible to witness. Sensitive as if he were indeed the soul of India, he suffers for the sins of every Indian.

Ever since then he must have felt the need of doing something desperate; and as his creed forbids him to be hard on others, he must have longed to inflict upon himself some cruel penance. They summoned him to Delhi, where there had been fighting of Hindus and Muslims. No sooner did he get there than he heard the news of fighting everywhere. Nobody did anything effective, everybody called to him for help. He was a sick man, easily fatigued, and it was all their work, not his; he must be well aware of that, though he has never blamed them. What was he to do? He could not, and he would not, punish anyone except himself; so he punished himself for the sins of the people. Whatever the result may be to others, I am sure the penance is to the Mahatma an immense relief.

I have not set eyes upon him many times during my stay in India. The first time was soon after my arrival in 1920, when I called on him in Bombay. My visit interrupted his conversation with a group of friends. He took me to another room and let me talk rather than talked to me. I was conscious of constraint and wondered, as I went away, if I had stayed too long. The next time was at Bandra, a suburb of Bombay, on occasion of a garden party given by a wealthy Muslim merchant in honor of a traveling M.P. I drove out from Bombay with the M.P. in question, and on a palm-fringed road beside the sea another motor car overtook us. There were cries of recognition. Both cars stopped, and from the other there descended a small, white-clad figure. It was the Mahatma, who joined us in our car. On that occasion I was altogether in the background. The M.P., of whom much was expected at that time, was the centre of all conversation, everybody trying to explain to him the state of India—a hopeless task, for he is a rational politician, temperamentally incapable of understanding that religious sincerity which is the motive power of India as a nation.

Then came the National Congress at Nagpur, to which my wife and I betook ourselves as guests of the Central Khilafat Committee. In all my life I have seen no sight more memorable than the thousands gathered in that huge pavilion decked with flags and streamers, a ray of sunlight here and there illumining a portion of the sea of many-colored caps and turbans and rapt faces. There must have been a thousand people on the platform every day. From where I sat I could not see the place of the Mahatma, but I knew whenever he entered or left the "pandal" by the thrill or chill which ran through the vast audience. When he was present, no matter who was speaking, there was general animation, general interest. When he was absent, the proceedings dragged and languished. It was then that I began to wonder at Mahatma Gandhi, and my wonder has been growing ever since.

The old politicians, imitators of the West, who had lorded it at former sessions of the Congress, were nowhere at Nagpur. Their speeches seemed old-fashioned, their remarks absurd. The Congress, which had been the playground of the "intellectuals," had been captured for the nation. The Indian people, who had never heard the politician, heard the saint and, what is more, pre-

*The suffix *ji* is a term of respect and endearment.

pared to follow him; and the whole huge concourse rose and shouted as one man when it was known that Mahatma's Non-co-operation Resolution had been passed unanimously. If all those present on that occasion had been true to the resolve they then expressed with such enthusiasm, the history of India in the last four years would have been less tragic.

Too many men regarded Non-co-operation as no more than a good way to annoy the government, which was not at all the vision of Mahatma Gandhi. He never thought about annoying anyone, his principle being to overcome evil with good, not exactly in the Christian way by turning the other cheek to the smiter, but by disregarding the smiter altogether in endeavors to improve one's own condition and intrinsic strength. His idea is that evil—all evil—can be conquered only by increasing goodness in oneself. To return evil for evil is to increase the sum of evil and degrade oneself. Too many people saw in his demand for the boycott of foreign cloth, of government schools and law courts only a chance to injure British trade and discredit government institutions. Mahatma Gandhi saw much more than that.

He saw that government was educating only a peculiar class whose service they required—a class which, by its education, became lost to India as a nation. He wished to educate Indians not merely to be servants of a government, foreign or otherwise, but nationally to be serviceable to themselves. He saw that the courts of law had become the bane of a people with a natural bent for litigation and that justice was not really within the reach of anyone. He wished the students of the schools and colleges who had been taught something to go out into the villages and teach the folks who had been taught nothing. He wished the lawyers to give up their profitable preying on the people's weakness and go and teach them to compose their differences, by reviving village courts. He wished all Indians to abstain from wearing clothes containing anything of foreign manufacture and to wear coarse Indian homespun, because he wished to make the cottage weaving industry a means of bettering the condition of the half-starved peasantry and at the same time to abolish barriers of caste and wealth, which show their pride aggressively in clothes. He wished all Indians to give up all forms of sycophantic imitation of the English rulers, seeing that it was by imitation they had made themselves inferior. The Europeans bend them to a standard which is not their own, as if a heaven-born poet were kept strictly to the study of commercial bookkeeping, and then despise them for their manifest inferiority. Their own peculiar genius is allowed no scope. Therefore, Non-co-operation with the foreign standard and the foreign system is a clear necessity if Indians would regain their self-respect and their initiative.

Now, as it happened, I had long before discerned the fallacy of the conceit so dear to Westerners, that Orientals are intrinsically inferior. They are not inferior, but they are different—so different that there is really no comparison—and that the rigid imposition on them of our standards and our way of thought entails an actual crippling of their faculties. Mahatma Gandhi's movement, therefore, was, for me, but the logical and desirable outcome of forces I had seen at work in every Eastern land, from the moment it was discovered that Western education did not confer Western status on the educated, but rather earned for them the slight contempt which everywhere attends the sedulous ape. The East must first regain its identity and pride or equilibrium before it can derive real benefit from Western thought. The process must be one of interchange, not imposition. Having already formulated such ideas before I came to India, I was able to appreciate the vision of Mahatma better, perhaps, than many of his close disciples. Indeed, he was reported to me once as having said that he was astonished that a European should have understood so well.

After Nagpur I did not set eyes on the Mahatma for about six months. Then, in the month of Ramadhan (which justified its name of "Heat" by coinciding with the burning weather leading up to the monsoon), I saw him at a public meeting at Matunga in the open air. It was night, and the blind rush of the half-seen crowd to touch, were it but the garment of the Saint of India, when the meeting rose, gave me a notion of the risks that fragile little figure daily ran. A thousand times has the great strength of Shaukat Ali saved his life—Shaukat, the giant, whose devotion to his chief reminds one of the legend of St. Christopher.

And then at Broach, a pleasant town in his own Gujarat, I saw Mahatma several times at the Provincial Conference which was held within the walls of the old Fort by the Marbadda river, roofed for the occasion by an awning. The men sat on the ground, the women on the sentry's path along the ramparts. A new Viceroy had arrived in India a few weeks before and had held some conversations with Mahatma Gandhi. It looked like the beginning of the understanding which we all desired. Shaukat and Muhammed Ali were persuaded by their leader to express regret for some past utterances which the Viceroy thought an obstacle to peace, and we all hoped that the way was being cleared, when in an after dinner speech before a club of European die-hards at Calcutta, the Viceroy boasted of the apology of the Ali brothers as if to extort it had been the sole object of his interviews with the Mahatma. That diplomatic slip destroyed the hopes which the Nationalists had conceived of him and wrecked his chance of doing useful work in India.

I was with Mahatma Gandhi and the Ali brothers on the dais in the old Fort at Broach, sitting cross-legged next to Muhammed Ali (in patriotic India there are now no chairs), when the news came. Muhammed Ali's secretary, coming from Bombay, produced a copy of my newspaper and pointed to a certain column. I read it over Muhammed Ali's shoulder. I asked: "Is there a leader on the subject?"

Before my friend had time to look or answer, Mahatma, whom I had imagined out of earshot, fixed on me those searching eyes of his and said:

> Why do you ask such a question when you know perfectly well that there is no one on the paper who would dare to write a leader on such a subject but yourself?

I felt convicted of hypocrisy, though I had spoken, as one so often speaks, without really thinking—a thing Mahatma Gandhi never does.

Those were the days of triumph, when the non-co-operation movement spread like wildfire and its good effect upon the people could be seen by anyone, who like myself, went out among them. The culmination of the triumph, as I saw it—I went home to England at the beginning of October, 1921, and returned in the following March—was the enthusiasm which attended the collection of the crore (ten million) of rupees which Mahatma demanded for the Tilak Swaraj Fund for purposes of national welfare. Never have I witnessed such delirious scenes and such enormous gatherings,

without disorder, as when, for the last week of the collection, the Mahatma came to Bombay. There was a huge mass meeting on Chowpatty sands on the anniversary of the day when Tilak's funeral pyre had flamed upon that very spot; there were bonfires of foreign cloth at various centers in the city; and everywhere the crowds were clad in pure white Indian homespun. But, for me, the crowning point of all was reached in the great meeting in the Excelsior Theatre in Fort, the European quarter of the city, organized by Parsi Radkeya Sabha. All the approaches to the place were thronged with white-clad men; and inside, the auditorium was packed from floor to ceiling, so was the stage where we sat among the Khilafat contingent. Presently we heard a distant rumble which quickly grew into a roar. Then, with a tremendous shout: "Mahatma Gandhi Ki jai!," the whole house rose; and through the throng upon the stage there passed a little, fragile, white-clad man, saluting with hands pressed together as in prayer. He took his seat upon a chair placed on a table, so that all might see him; and for full five minutes there was nothing but repeated ringing cheers: "Mahatma Gandhi Ki jai!"—"Success to Mahatma Gandhi!" After the speeches, wealth was showered on him; the Parsee ladies flung their jewels at his feet—the feet of one who asks for nothing for himself, to whom the wealth of all the world is nothing.

The night fixed for closing the collection came; and if by midnight the sum was not complete, the Mahatma would have failed in his attempt as all the Anglo-Indian papers had been prophesying that he would. Imagine my sensations as a journalist devoted heart and soul to the Mahatma's cause! At eleven o'clock that night I left my office and drove to the house where he was staying—the same house where I had called on him at my first coming to Bombay, which was in Laburnum Road, Chowpatty, three miles away. I did not seek to see him, knowing that he must be busy; but I asked one of his henchmen in an outer room to let me have the figures of the last reports. I was told that the amount was still a few lakhs* short of the crore, but that the reports from Bengal, Madras, and Andhra had not yet come in.

Now it was pretty certain, judging from the sums collected from the other provinces, that the contribution of Bengal alone would lift the total past the crore. I, therefore, showed my satisfaction and remarked that I supposed that I should be justified in saying that the crore had been completed in the appointed time. At that my friend looked grave and said that he must ask Mahatma. He left me for a minute and came back to say that I was on no account to state that the crore had been completed since Mahatma Gandhi, though he thought it likely, could not be certain till the last reports came in. I had to fly back to my office, revoke the leading article already printed, and write another; and the Anglo-Indian papers had their jeer. But soon after noon next day we published a small special supplement announcing that the crore had been exceeded by several lakhs. It is now and then exasperating for imperfect human nature to have to toe the line of strict veracity, particularly when opponents take their ease in that respect.

I saw nothing of the great events of the ensuing winter. Shaukat and Muhammed Ali were arrested just before we left for England, and the last visits which we paid on Indian soil were to them in prison at Karachi and to their brave old mother who had gone there for the trial. The boycott of the Prince of Wales' visit (misunderstood and misrepresented) and the riots in Bombay which happened to synchronize with his landing (but had really no connection with it) scared the authorities whose nervousness, betrayed in capricious repressive measures and haphazard arrests, increased the people's zeal for non-co-operation. All the enthusiastic scenes I had witnessed must have paled before the congress of that year at Ahmedabad where the concourse was three times as great as at Nagpur and everybody wore white Indian homespun. There the Mahatma was appointed the dictator of the Indian nation under given circumstances which, however, never arose, for at the moment when (on the testimony of the then Governor) Non-co-operation was within an inch of full success, Mahatma himself suddenly called halt. The reason for his doing so is proof of his complete sincerity. A horrible crime was committed by men who wore his uniform—all India wore it— and shouted his name—all India shouted it. The Mahatma took that as a proof that the people were not ready for the ordeal up to which he had been leading them, and he as usual punished himself for the sins of his people. He stopped all militancy and ordained an educative and constructive programme in its stead. There is no doubt but that he was absolutely right. But the people have not yet recovered from the douche he then flung on their eager hopes. The authorities, seeing him no longer formidable, had him arrested. He was tried on a charge of sedition and sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

I had the news of the arrest on board the Naldera on my way out to India, just before we reached Port Said. Before I reached Bombay he was in prison, and the first news that greeted me on arrival was that a Muslim friend of mine had been arrested on the previous day and wished to speak with me before he went to prison (that prison would be the outcome of a Non-co-operator was in those days a foregone conclusion, though the man in this case was obviously innocent of the "crime" imputed to him). I took a long journey in order to see him and was present at his trial. What he particularly wished to tell me was that the old secret murder societies were again forming in Bengal and that somebody of note had said that persons like myself should be gotten rid of first because our very existence hindered Indians from hating the whole race of English people as they ought. The dictator of love was imprisoned, and all the poison-snakes of what the West calls politics but in the East is criminality, were crawling from their holes.

My second year in India was a pretty miserable time, and the absence of Mahatma Gandhi and of Shaukat and Muhammed Ali seems to me the cause of all its misery. In July, 1922, I was asked to preside at the Sind Provincial Khilafat Conference at Sukkur. I travelled up to Hyderabad in the same train with a number of Khilafat workers and the mother of the imprisoned Ali brothers. On the platform at Ahmedabad station we discovered the Imam Sahib Abdul Cader Bawazir, a Muslim who has lived in closest intimacy with Mahatma Gandhi for some twenty years. We persuaded him to come with us to Sind—I have already spoken of the wondrous readiness of Indians to go anywhere on mere suggestion at a moment's notice—and it is to him I owe the pleasure of a visit to the Sabarmati Ashram: Mahatma Gandhi's farm, colony, college, monastery, workshop, to which the saint gave up his private fortune. On our return, by his arrangement, I spent a night as guest of the Mahatma's family;

*lakh =100,000 rupees
a crore = 100 lakhs.

slept in his own small room, the only home he has on earth; attended prayers before dawn under trees on the high banks of the Sabarmati river; and was able to see something of the simple life of brotherhood in service which Mahatma recommends to all his countrymen and of which his Ashram is the university. I was sorry when friends came and claimed the fulfilment of my promise to make speeches in the city of Ahmedabad, across the river.

By the end of 1922, many even of the English in India must have realized that in the person of Mahatma Gandhi they had imprisoned a factor for law and order worth their whole police force. By the end of 1925, most of the English in India realized that in Mahatma's person they had put in prison their best friend. It is true that Non-co-operation, as he planned it, appeared almost dead; but much worse movements from the English point of view were cropping up, and racial hatred, which he never would allow, was on the increase. The masses lost all interest in the maneuvers of the various leaders who competed for the place he had left vacant, and until the Ali brothers were released could see no leader. The very chaos consequent upon his absence exalted him in the opinion of all thinking men.

The sudden news of his grave illness in the first days of 1924 caused consternation to the English quite as much as to the Indians, for they had the sense to see that if he died while a prisoner in their hands, all chance of reconciliation with the people of the country would be gone forever. As for the Indians, their anxiety was pitiful to witness. Thousands who had never known the Mahatma could not eat or sleep until they heard that he was out of danger. Many people, rich and poor, journeyed to Poona, only to be near him. Our newspaper office was bombarded with frantic demands for hourly supplements describing his condition in minutest detail. The English doctor and the nurse who tended him became national idols. Prayers were offered everywhere for his release. As soon as it was known that he was out of danger from the operation, another danger threatened him from his adorers. Everybody wished to get a sight of him, to touch him, be assured that he still lived. Indians, it would seem, have little tenderness for convalescence and no conception of a patient's need of rest. They wish to see him or they wish for his advice, and they set out at once or send an urgent telegram. Some Sikhs, after the fatal firing at Nabha, sent a telegram to the Mahatma who was lying helpless, describing the whole horror and concluding, "Come, at whatever cost to yourself."

The news of his release from prison was expected, and the joy it caused was merged in the immense relief at his recovery. As soon as he was well enough to be removed from hospital, he came to live at Juhu, a palm-clad island with a sandy beach, twelve miles from this great city of Bombay. Far better to have gone twelve hundred miles away, for peace and quiet. The medical opinion was that he required six months of perfect rest and quiet, but the excited people could not let him be. The poor who went on foot to take his blessing were not the sinners, for they waited patiently outside the bungalow for hours, till he should happen to come out. They asked for nothing but to touch his feet. It was the "people of importance" who went in to see him and worried him with their questions, who hindered his recovery and prepared for him the Ahmedabad disappointment which has brought him to this present pass that he must prove his strength or die. He ought to have been sitting all this while since his release, as I have sat this evening, in a garden, watching the moon-flowers open at the rise of night.

Meetings are being held all over India to assure him of the people's readiness to do his will and urging him to break his fast. But still, while he is fasting and must husband all his strength, people will force themselves upon him day by day, for interviews about their own affairs. I myself often felt a wish to go to see him; but as I was upbraiding other folk for going, I thought it right to practise what I preached. However, when an English friend of mine, an artist, who was not likely to fatigue Mahatma by his conversation, had secured an interview, I ventured out to Juhu with him, unannounced. It was the first time I had seen the Mahatma since 1921, when he was at the summit of his triumph. A crowd of humble pilgrims sat upon the sand beneath the palms, outside the bungalow. They chanted hymns. Their eyes devoured us as we went into the rambling house. We were announced and ushered to an upper story, where my old friend the Imam Sahib came to greet us. We embraced, and he told me the Mahatma wished to know whether I had to speak to him on business, as in that case he would see me first, alone. I answered, "No," and tried to make it clear that I had only come in attendance on my friend, not to talk but just to see him. We went in and sat with him a quarter of an hour, my friend conversing with the Mahatma while I talked in lower tones with the Imam Sahib. All at once the Mahatma fixed his eyes on me and said: "So you are the man who would not come to see me!" I explained my reasons, and he smiled as if he liked them and bestowed on me a special look of understanding when we took our leave. I told him then that I believed I had found the base for Hindu-Muslim unity. And so I think I have, but he had found it long before me. It is in calling out the grand idealism which is latent in the heart of every Indian, in making all look upward to the highest.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

Bombay, India.

A POEM

(By the author of "Lorna Doone")

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the last sigh is heaved and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead,
The angel of the Lord shall lift his head.

R. D. Blackmore (1825-1925)

THE STUDY TABLE

REVIEWS BY JOHN HAYES HOLMES

Discontent—Its Cause and Cure

This book* is not new to me, for I have watched its progress as a member of the editorial Advisory Board, contributed a few paragraphs to its contents, and read the proofs. But it still remains, as it promises to do indefinitely in the future, a source of constant interest and instruction; and I feel only increasing admiration, as time goes on, for the ingenuity and devotion of the man, William Floyd, who conceived the idea and carried it through to triumph.

It is difficult to give any idea of the book in a brief review of this kind, so novel is its character. I can state, of course, that the first part is given over to a survey of "causes of discontent," with special emphasis on "the profit system," "the industrial system," "oppression by government," "class distinctions," and "war." I can then add that the second part consists of an elaborate series of "definitions and articlettes" on a vast variety of subjects running all the way from "anarchism," "arbitration," "birth control," through "Fascism," "God," "Guild Socialism," to "Single Tax," "Strike-breakers" and "Woman Suffrage"; followed by a descriptive list of "associations devoted to reforming the social order," a catalogue of "political parties" with appropriate comment, and a "library for liberals." This outline of contents, however, accurate as it is, gives no idea at all of the real character and importance of the book. It is something entirely new, and in itself a unique contribution to a right understanding of the social problem in this country. Carefully compiled, cleverly written, bursting with facts, statistics and opinions—a dictionary, encyclopedia, anthology, year-book, bibliography, directory, all in one—it is a veritable gold-mine for the inquiring liberal. I have nothing like it in my library, and I would not dispense with it for ten times its selling price. My best advice is to get this volume for yourself, and then see that it is placed in every public library that you can reach.

* "Social Progress," A Handbook of the Liberal Movement. Published by the *Arbitrator*, 114 East 31st St., New York.

A Biography of Jesus

The virtue of this book† is its perfectly simple, straightforward, unpretentious, artless character. The author has no thesis to propound, no doctrines to defend. He is not a particle interested in theology or New Testament criticism. He attempts no new revelation of truth. He finds in Jesus an historical character of vast importance, he discovers in the Gospels the only records we have of his career and character, and he sets down in his biography the tale that he reads in these records.

Of course, Mr. Harlow is not so naive as to ignore the claims of scholarship. Not a trained student himself, he has gone to authoritative literature and equipped himself adequately for his task. He has wisely kept the signs of erudition out of his book, and reduced discussion of historical backgrounds, contemporary controversies, etc., to a minimum. The result is an unadorned and unencumbered narrative of the Nazarene's life, told with admirable clarity and vigor. Indeed, I can think of no biography which gives the details of the story with such clear and easy continuity of event following event. Especially successful are the closing chapters, describing the last week in Jerusalem.

So far as I can see, there are no serious errors in the book. I question the placing of the opening of Jesus's public ministry in Capernaum, and the postponement of the famous synagogue scene in Nazareth and the rejection by his fellow-townsmen to a later date, as I question one or two other items of interpretation or arrangement of material. But the author has reason in every case, and a measure of scholarly opinion to sustain his opinion.

Mr. Harlow's volume is not epoch-making, but it is useful and valuable. It is especially adapted to the needs of the average reader, who wants to know the facts without intrusion of supernatural and theological matters on the one hand and of elaborate scholastic discussions on the other.

† "Jesus the Man," by Victor E. Harlow. Published by the Harlow Publishing Co., Oklahoma City, 1924.

CORRESPONDENCE

A NEW SUBSCRIBER

Dear Unity:

Through the kindness of Robert Whitaker, I had the pleasure of reading your August issues. I so admire UNITY's spirit of gentleness that I want to keep in contact with it. Please put me on your mailing list. Check enclosed.

It seems to me—it may be because I work with flowers—that gentle contacts are the ones *all* life most willingly responds to. Flowers, as well as UNITY, have the faculty of making some of the pleasantest, most lasting impressions the human organism is capable of registering. This is well proven by tourists. In relating their experiences to "home folks," they always tell of the many beautiful orange blossoms and the other wonderful displays of flowers they saw "out there in California," and how they enjoyed their fragrance and beauty.

At will, and as long as they live, they again and again re-feel the fragrant, thrown-off odors, and the gentle, colored light-waves reflected from the flowers.

Even those who lose their eyesight do not lose the faculty of re-feeling color wavelets from the flowers.

The presence of flowers has a soothing effect on persons in distress. They have a cheering, strengthening power in the sick-room. They are at all times welcome guests and thus are always appropriate gifts.

Why do plants bloom in such color, and profusion, and waste (?) their fragrance on the desert air?

They do it to express themselves, re-create themselves, and, if possible, to evolute a little higher in the scale of life.

Dare we humans expose the good in us? and yet live? Can we live, and perpetuate our species by gentle deeds? Was the assertion, "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword," a true statement of principle? or was it an erroneous statement? Do deeds bring forth deeds after their kind?

Flower seeds bring forth plants after their kind.

W. P. CALKINS.

Montebello, California.

A TRIBUTE

Editor of UNITY:

What an inspiring number the UNITY of Nov. 9 is! I take so darned many liberal papers, that I have to just rub some of 'em over the top of my bald head, or slip 'em under my pillow at night and sleep on 'em. But this issue—well, I've cut it all to pieces, sending clippings here and there to friends who ought to be subscribers, but,— Yours with esteem,

CHESTER C. PLATT

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

RESOLUTIONS

Passed at the Twenty-fifth Meeting of the English Union of Democratic Control

MOSUL

This Council expresses its strong disapproval of the undertaking of the British Government to accept the incorporation of the Vilayet of Mosul into the Kingdom of Iraq, and the consequent prolongation of this country's Mandate for Iraq for a further period of twenty-five years, as imposing uncalled for financial, political, and military burdens upon Great Britain."

PROMOTION OF ECONOMIC INTERNATIONALISM

In view of the urgent need for the establishment of harmonious and just economic relations between nations and the elimination of whatever tends to promote war or national antagonism, the General Council of the Union of Democratic Control condemns all economic aggression and strife, such as protective tariffs, preference, and other fiscal policies and barriers which obstruct full liberty of commercial intercourse and systematically distort the economic interdependence of nations.

The Council urges both upon its own members and all who desire international peace practical consideration of the U. D. C. Fourth Point on Economic Development, and would further urge upon all Member States of the League of Nations serious consideration of Article 23 (e) of the Covenant which obliges the League to 'make provision to secure . . . equitable treatment for the commerce of all Members of the League."

As a practical step toward the arrestment of economic militancy and the development of economic internationalism, the Council heartily supports the resolution unanimously accepted by the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva, in September, calling for the early convening of a World Economic Conference.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION

This Council, recognizing the cardinal importance of the acceptance of "compulsory arbitration" for all international disputes:

Expresses the strongest objection (a) to the British Government's repudiation of that principle.

(b) To the British Government's refusal of the offer recently made by the Swiss Government of a treaty for all inclusive compulsory arbitration, such as Switzerland has already concluded with Italy and other countries.

(c) To the British Government's refusal even to sign the optional clause of the Permanent Court accepting the Court's compulsory jurisdiction in justiciable disputes. The Committee regards the reasons given for that refusal as wholly misleading. The council *reaffirms* its support of the principles of the Geneva Protocol with regard to all-inclusive "compulsory arbitration."

REVISION OF TREATIES

Realizing that Article XIX of the Covenant of the League of Nations was intended to facilitate the peaceful revision of "Treaties which have become inapplicable," this Council declares that the time has come to provide machinery by which this peaceful revision can take place.

It therefore recommends:

(1) The setting up of a Permanent Advisory Commission of the League of Nations to receive and consider reports from minorities which consider themselves injured by existing treaties or administration of treaties relating to States Members of the League. This Commission shall have the power to send commissioners to investigate conditions in the countries themselves, if necessary.

(2) On the receipt of (a) a recommendation from this Permanent Advisory Commission, or (b) a request from the Government of a State (Member of the League) concerned, the Assembly of the League of Nations shall consider whether a *prima facie* case has been made out for the re-consideration of the Treaty or Treaties.

(3) Upon a unanimous decision by the Assembly (excluding the interested parties) that such revision is desirable, the States Members concerned shall be invited to submit the Treaty or Treaties to (a) the Council, or (b) the Court of International Justice, or (c) an independent body of Arbitrators, for recommendation.

(4) Should this recommendation not be accepted by either or both parties, the Council of the League shall publish a full report with evidence.

CHINA

This Council regards with deep humiliation the position in which Great Britain finds itself with regard to China. The desire to exploit China for our own purposes has led us into an uncivilized disregard for the civilization, the interests, and the dignity of the Chinese people. We apprehend further disastrous consequences as a result of this selfish policy and we urge the British Government concerned to:—

(1) Make new treaties with China, abandoning the outworn agreements of the "treaty-ports," and all extra-territorial and other rights infringing upon Chinese sovereignty.

(2) Abandon the Boxer indemnities and assist China to acquire financial

A Timely Christmas Present

No book of the season is more timely than Dr. Sunderland's just published "EVOLUTION AND RELIGION." Thousands of copies should be used for Christmas presents. It treats popularly but with ample learning, courteously but without gloves, THE SUBJECT WHICH THE WHOLE NATION IS DISCUSSING. Be sure to send copies to your Liberal friends, and to hundreds of your Orthodox and Fundamentalist friends.

Beacon Press, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Postpaid, $1.65.

HERE'S A WAY TO GET NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Editor of UNITY:

I have just been reading the editorial pages of the November 16th number, and your cry for help on the first page wrings my heart. *Why* are we so poor? UNITY is so *big* and so necessary. It is like bread—"The Staff of Life."

Among my own acquaintances are only two who appreciate it and they "subscribe for so many other periodicals" and that they "wouldn't have time to read any of them if they didn't just *force* themselves to." (?)

This coming year I would like to try a new plan. I am sure there are many who would like the paper who simply cannot afford the three dollars per year because they consider it a luxury—and I am sure that once these people came to know that it is *bread* and not *cake*, they will go after it, as a necessity. I am willing to give the paper to such a one for a year, knowing that if it is a person who needs bread that he will get it for himself after that.

I may find such a one here. If I do, will send in his name with the subscription price, when you can notify him that a friend has subscribed for him, as I do not want my name mentioned in the matter.

I can only give one this coming year—with my own subscription.

If you care to announce this in UNITY, do so (without publishing my name), or if you know some one who *really* wants it but can't pay let him have it (or *her* of course).

I shall send in the money for myself and the "other feller" in January. With love and gratitude, S.

THIS IS A WAY TO DO IT

Editor of UNITY:

Your journal of November 16 is just received, and the editorials read in order as usual. The first holds a suggestion that each subscriber make "himself forthwith *two* subscribers." My check was sent in renewal a few days ago. My second check is sent "forthwith" for another copy to my address for the year. UNITY deserves the encouragement from every present subscriber. I may make good use of the second copy.

CHARLES C. CONNER.

North Adams, Mass.

PUBLIC LIFE IN INDIA

Editor of UNITY:

Public life is changed. Communal feelings are raging like an epidemic from the tops of the Simla hills down to the working class. National interests are overridden with personal ambitions. Public life is demoralized. The period of 1921 non-co-operation was full of sublime simplicity, the grandeur of outlook, magnificent selflessness, the nobility of sacrifice, the loftiest of motives, the mutual love, forbearance and generosity which lifted public life higher than the normal, and that baffled and shamed the enemies of India too.

MUKUND N. DESAI.

Madhav Bag Ahmeda-bad, India.

stability, so that she may secure a stable government.

(3) Insist that their nationals shall conduct any factories they may own in China according to the standards set up by the International Labor Organization.

The following immediate steps are urgently necessary with a view to re-establishing good relations with China:

(a) The issue by the British Government of instructions to the British representatives at the forthcoming Peking Conference on the Chinese Customs Tariff to do everything possible towards Chinese Tariff autonomy, and to abstain from interference in the internal affairs of China.

(b) The publication of the Diplomatic Commission's Report on the Shanghai massacre.

WAR RESISTERS' LEAGUE

The War Resisters' League, as its name implies, seeks to unite those to whom participation in war in any form and under any conditions is a violation of their conscientious convictions. Organized on the broad basis of uncompromising pacifism, it invites the support of men and women of all shades of political, social and religious opinion. Through its affiliation with the War Resisters' International, it brings its members into fellowship with those in other countries who have determined to give no suport to any war.

The following is its sole test of faith:

"I declare it to be my intention never to take part in war, offensive or defensive, international or civil, whether it be by bearing arms, making or handling munitions, voluntarily subscribing to war loans, or using my labor for the purpose of setting others free for war service."

Persons over eighten years of age who subscribe to this declaration are enrolled members of the League. Active or voting members are those who contribute annually one dollar or more in dues, or ten new signatures to the declaration.

All who are interested are asked to communicate with the Secretary or with any other member of the Executive Committee, for information as to the practical plans which are taking shape in this branch of the movement to destroy war.

CHESTER TELLER
ANNA N. DAVIS
EDWARD C. RICHARDS
EDITH BRYCE CRAM
ELINOR BYRNS
BRENT DOW ALLINSON
KATHLEEN WHITAKER SAYRE
WILLIAM FLOYD
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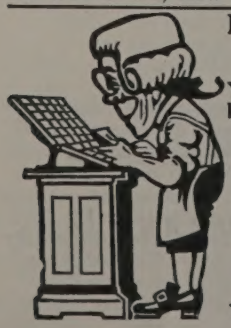
JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN,
Secretary

132 W. 12th St., New York City.



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IN DECEMBER

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